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*LIFE IN THE ARMY

BY CYNTHIA J. CAPRON

My wedding tour was typical of the life of an army officer's wife—which I became Thursday, June 27, 1867.

We were married at my father's in the morning, and a few hours later said goodbye.

We expected to go to California when my husband Thaddeus H. Capron, should receive orders to go with recruits from Newport Barracks, Kentucky, to New York City.

He had failed to get leave of absence in May, to attend his own wedding, but had taken advantage of a sick leave—which he really needed—to be married in time to take his wife with him to the Pacific Coast.

On 1867 there was an overland stage patronized by miners and other people who felt able to endure anything, even an Indian attack.

The letters were seldom, until a few months later, sent overland; they were generally marked "By steamer" for though in some cases they might make better time by stage, people generally preferred the more slow but sure way.

This Thursday afternoon we arrived in Chicago and stopped at the Revere House, which was later swept away with the rest of North Chicago in the great fire of 1871. The next morning at seven o'clock we started eastward. After three hours ride, my husband left me at Michigan City to go to Newport, Ky. I remained in the same car, arriving in Detroit at six o'clock. Went to the Russell House, and in the evening took a sleeping car for Syracuse, N. Y., where I expected to stay with an aunt until there were more definite plans. Saturday morning was clear and beautiful, and I had a magnificent view of Niagara Falls.

My husband writes home, "About 10:30 A. M., Thursday, the 11th inst., I escorted my little lady on board the Henry Chauncey, and left her in the ladies' saloon until I had made

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MRS. C. J. CAPRON

the necessary arrangements for a good stateroom, which was to be our home for the voyage to Aspinwall.

Other duties with the men called me away, and Sis had to content herself until the steamer sailed at twelve o'clock, when I was assigned a very pleasant room in the upper cabin, and we removed to it, and settled down with all the comforts possible for the voyage.

Many of the passengers had friends at the wharf to bid them adieu, and handkerchiefs were waved. Sis and I had no friends there, but we thought of those at home, and looked forward to some future day when we should again see them. Jennie was seasick soon after we left New York. I have made some very pleasant acquaintances."

From me to my sister, July 16th: "Yes, here I am on the Carribbean Sea! The water is smooth and it would be delightful if it were not so *warm*.

We passed Cuba this forenoon; were in sight of it several hours. I did not see any buildings except a light-house. There are high hills or mountains all along the shore, covered with trees.

This is a very nice ship for the ocean, though there are finer ones on the Hudson River. The one I was on was called a floating palace.

I am just becoming acquainted with the officers on duty with the troops. I find them very pleasant. Capt. Brownlow is a son of Parson Brownlow. There is an Irish lieutenant who is droll enough, and good company."

The fare from New York City to San Francisco was \$300. Of course an officer has his fare paid by the government, but it does not pay any expense of families I believe. In change of station, there was an allowance for baggage that did very well for a bachelor. The officers paid for extra weight if the transportation companies required it. They often gave passes to the families, and although we had one of the best state-rooms, there was nothing to pay for my three weeks voyage.

There were 500 soldiers on board, and five or six officers. Maj. Capron was quartermaster and commissary officer. That means that he issued rations to the soldiers and looked after their comfort generally. This took most of the time during the day, I thought.

We arrived at Aspinwall at six o'clock Friday morning. When I looked out and saw the little bay, half encircled by the shore, the buildings and foliage, different from anything I had ever seen, it seemed like a fairy land. The natives soon came in canoes around the steamer to sell cakes, fruits, and liquors. I remained in the ship until a train was ready, a soldier being on guard in front of my state-room.

From one of my letters: "I can easily imagine the unhealthfulness of the climate which caused the death of so many of the laborers who constructed the railroad. There were stagnant pools and ponds all along the route, except a short distance where it is mountainous. The streams are all sluggish and muddy. There are many beautiful flowers, and the vegetation is luxuriant. I saw coconut, and many tropical plants, shrubs, and trees."

The railroad had been finished not very long before, for a lady I became acquainted with in California had crossed on a mule, as all passengers did, and she had a severe illness, known as Panama fever, after reaching San Francisco. We heard it said that there were as many deaths of those who made the railroad, as there were ties in the road.

I remember my surprise upon finding that the natives who came into the cars to sell fruit, could not understand. They looked so much like the negroes of our country that I expected them to speak English. I bought an orange, probably the largest I ever saw.

From a letter of Major Capron: "Immediately upon landing, guards were stationed, so that none of our men could go ashore until the train was ready to transport us across the isthmus, which was not until ten A. M. I was very busily engaged in issuing rations of coffee, meat, etc., to last the men until we should reach the other steamer, and have an opportunity to cook again.

Aspinwall is much smaller than I had expected to find it. It did not present a very interesting appearance.

At ten we commenced transferring the men to the cars, and soon were ready to start. I did not take Jennie from the steamer until the train was nearly ready, as I did not want to run the risk of her taking the Panama fever any more than was necessary.

A little before eleven we left Aspinwall in a special train for Panama. The trip was a delightful one. We passed several villages. The houses are made of slabs and poles, roofs of sugar cane, leaves, etc. About three o'clock we arrived at Panama. There we found a small steamer awaiting us, ready to transfer the troops to the Montana, which was lying out at anchor in the bay. In a short time we had the troops on board with the exception of a few men who were on duty with the baggage, and some who had succeeded in getting away into the town."

After the troops were attended to, Maj. Capron had orders to wait for the next train which brought the baggage and the passengers; so we went to the Hotel de Grande, about half a mile away.

From a letter of mine: "Panama is an old city, and has many ruins, and ancient buildings. The hotel is opposite an old cathedral which is said to contain many old relics and curiosities. The older buildings are spotted with mold. Seeds have lodged in the dust in the niches and have grown. The streets are very narrow and mostly paved, I believe. The hotel was a nice one, though there were no carpets on the floors. There was a large court in the center with a piazza around each story. I do not think it was more than two or three stories in height. Our room opened in the court. Here and in the cars anything that could harbor vermin was dispensed with. Nothing was upholstered.

We went to the wharf when the little steamer was taking the passengers to the Montana; and waited there under the large shed, or covered wharf, till it should be our turn. A squad of native soldiers paraded around with guns held so carelessly that I was afraid of them."

The Montana was the counterpart of the Henry Chauncey, but there was another captain, and this was his last trip on the "Pacific Mail Steamship Line." There was an accident which I will tell about later. A steamer company cannot afford to let the least carelessness go unnoticed, and though this captain had served for many years, and had always been considered careful—so far as I know—he lost his position.

I remember seeing a very large steamer in the bay that had come around Cape Horn. The president of the Pacific

Mail had come on the Henry Chauncey with his wife, child, and servants, and he went on this boat which was awaiting him, to China, to establish a new line from that country to ours.

We left Panama in the night, while sleeping, and our next stopping place was Acapulco, Mexico. We arrived there the morning of the 25th, and many of us went in small boats to the town. Here the natives were dressed in brilliant colors, and rowed out to us in boats, dotting the waters of the bay, and making another picturesque scene, in combination with the Mexican city, amid a variety of tropical growths, among which were the sword plants. I do not know the proper name, but it resembles the century plant except that the leaves are sharp pointed, and stand up to a great height. I heard it said that a horse might be impaled on one of these. An old Spanish fort was the first object to attract us. It was not gar-risoned, and was said to be one hundred years old. I was very curious to know whether it had been occupied by the French who had recently left Mexico, or part of it, but did not find any one who spoke English, who could inform me. The town seemed not very large. The streets were narrow, and the articles for sale were in front of the stores where the salesmen sat—on the walk I believe.

A large part of the population had turned out to sell us shells and other things they found market for when a steamer came. I believe several ladies bought silk dresses, which were much cheaper than in the United States.

The low sensitive plant was as plenty as grass here, near the stream where we saw the women washing their clothes in the running water.

We left about three o'clock on our northward journey. We were often in sight of the mountainous coast, and sometimes saw objects of interest in the ocean. Until a few days before arriving at San Francisco the weather was very warm. The captain said one evening that in the morning at a certain time we would need shawls, and it was as he said. The weather was cool after this, and the captain said it was an exceptionally pleasant voyage. On account of the good weather the steamer came near San Francisco, one day earlier than the shortest time allowed for a trip, and the captain tried to keep the boat out through the night so that he could go into the harbor the

next day, August 2. The fog was so dense that he lost his bearings and went about nine miles beyond his destination.

I was awakened in the night by the shock of the vessel running aground. I felt sure that this was the case, but thought it best to wait before calling my husband who was in the berth above. When I heard men talking outside, about taking the small boats out of the davits, I thought it was time to do so. He had heard so many times about my surmises that he did not expect to find anything wrong. At one time the ship had been higher on one side than the other for at least twenty-four hours. I was very anxious about it but no one else seemed to be. After awhile I succeeded in persuading my husband to go out and see what the trouble was.

When he came back he said the ship was aground, and he thought I was pretty brave after seeing some of the women so frightened. The pumps were kept going the rest of the night, and when daylight came we could not see much better than before. Finally the fog lifted and we saw that we were very near the shore, and also that there were several fishing sail boats near us. The captain had a man go on horseback to San Francisco to have a steamer sent to us. When the tide was higher, about ten o'clock, we got off after making considerable effort.

The water not having come in faster than it could be pumped out, we were carried safely to the Golden Gate and arrived at the wharf about noon.

I shall never forget the Bay of San Francisco as we came through the Golden Gate. The passengers were asked to stand on the deck at the stern, so that the bow would rise above the sand bars as we came through. It was the dry season, and the ground in San Francisco was the color of sand. The live oaks and other evergreen trees made a pleasing contrast. The city was then scattered somewhat over the hills and mountains. The city, the island of Alcatraz, Angel Island, Goat Island, the straits, and bay made a most beautiful scene.

I drove to the Occidental Hotel with a gentleman my husband asked to be my escort while he remained with the troops. He went with the recruits to Angel Island, the recruiting depot, but was allowed to spend part of the time with me at the hotel, where I remained ten days. There were

several army officers and other steamer acquaintances stopping at the Occidental, so that I was not very lonely.

Woodward's Gardens were something like Lincoln Park of Chicago, but there was an art gallery, besides several green-houses, etc. An admittance fee of twenty-five cents was asked at the gate.

My next move was to Alcatraz Island. This island is the most picturesque feature of San Francisco Bay. It rises up almost perpendicularly on all sides from the water. The wagon road up from the wharf has a very steep ascent, although it has been cut so that it can be climbed by the few animals kept here. A small steamer made access to the city comparatively easy for those who were allowed to go and come, but as this was a prison for offenders of the army, a small garrison was needed on account of the isolation.

The officers occupied the citadel, a large brick building with openings in the thick walls, perhaps ten inches wide, but as long as any window. These windows were so narrow, and the walls so thick that only a little could be seen from them. The commanding officer with his wife "kept house" in a suite of rooms, and all the other officers messed together. There was a billiard hall in the second or third story.

I was the only lady in the mess but I did not mind it. This was an artillery post and the officers were all artillery officers. Their uniform was blue with red trimmings. The commanding officer, Major Darling, married a Spanish lady from Chile. She was very fond of flowers, and had room for a very small flower garden which she had watered, and everything grew luxuriantly, although it was so cold all the month of August that people wore furs, and they did any time in the summer. When my fire was not burning well in our fireplace, I was uncomfortable in my room.

Outside in the garden the fuchsias climbed over the top of a high fence. The scarlet geraniums almost as tall as one's head were loaded with blossoms. The pinks were the finest I had ever seen. Alcatraz is in an exposed place where the winds swept through from the Golden Gate. It was not so cold in the city on one side, or at Angel Island on the other.

No money but coin was used on the Pacific coast, and prices were very high after the war. We bought furniture

for two rooms which was very plain, but "incidentals" had by this time amounted to a considerable sum, and the greenbacks the army was paid with only brought seventy-two cents on a dollar. This was our first "home."

I never saw the prison, but I went up to the top of the lighthouse where the lamp was kept burning at night. There was a fog bell and it was often necessary to warn vessels of the danger they were in when the fogs shut us in, and when things could be seen at all at these times, it was through a mist which sometimes made our surroundings seem unreal, as a ship and a lighthouse without sky or water or land.

Major Capron was sent up the coast with recruits while I was here, and I was invited to take my meals at Major Darling's while he was away. They were very kind to me, and the time finally came when the one who had been sadly missed returned. The eleven days of his absence had been spent in embroidering some slippers for him, and thinking about shipwrecks principally.

Our letters we did not expect to come from Illinois in less than eighteen days. Of course that was overland. I do not think the railroad was begun at this time, although two years from that summer we went east, two weeks after the first train had gone through, over the Central and Union Pacific railroads.

About the first of September our quarters at Angel Island were ready for us, and we went to the headquarters of our own regiment, the 9th Infantry. The colonel had been a general of volunteers, and was now called General King. Later, congress authorized officers of the regular army to retain the titles given them in civil war times. General King and Mrs. King and a little daughter occupied the commanding officer's quarters. There was a double set of quarters besides, for officers. There were barracks for men, a sutler's store and residence, and a few storehouses for government supplies. There never was a post without a guardhouse, I presume, so there must have been one there. The hospital and surgeon's quarters were over the hill and out of sight of the post. Point Blunt is the name of the part of the island farthest from Camp Reynolds, about two miles and a half distant. The highest point of the island is in the center, and ridges and valleys extend in all directions from that to the

sea. Without roads being cut, there was scarcely a place where a wagon could move without danger, except on the parade ground. There was a road around the side of the hill to Point Blunt on the south side, and one about half way there—to the hospital—on the north side. Camp Reynolds was in a valley running down to the western beach where there was a wharf, and near that a flagstaff from which floated the stars and stripes from reveille to retreat. There were pyramids of cannon balls around the flag. The cannon were on the heights just north and south of the little strip of beach. The cemetery was up on the hill to the south of our valley which hid the city of San Francisco from us.

Soon after my arrival the first military funeral I had ever seen passed slowly to this cemetery, the regimental band playing a funeral march. I had lost a brother in the war three years before, and I thought of him, dying away from home and friends, as this soldier had, and of his burial by comrades.

The adjutant of the regiment was the only officer permanently located here besides the colonel. There was not a company of the regiment at headquarters. They were in various parts of California and Arizona, and one at Sitka. Lieutenant Leonard Hay, the adjutant, was a brother of Colonel John Hay, our minister to England. He being the only bachelor officer, kept a mess that all officers temporarily stationed here joined, paying their share of the expense. I was the only lady in the mess. Sometimes there were only one or two extra officers, and at other times there were more.

Troops were sent up and down the coast by steamer. All those going to Arizona went part way by steamer, and when awaiting the sailing of a steamer, officers generally came to Angel Island. The private soldiers also were here to await transportation, or were recruits to be drilled. The buglers practiced over the hills back of us, and the sound came back from "over the hills and far away," and does in memory still.

We were very cordially welcomed by General and Mrs. King. We were asked there to tea the day they made their first call, and as they entertained many people from the city, it was not a lonely place. General McDowell and Mrs. McDowell came there, and Admiral Thacher, whose battleship,

the Pensacola, was in the harbor. The admiral took some of us out in his row boat, in one end of which at least a dozen sailors pulled the oars. They were in the naval uniform. It was a very fine boat, richly carpeted, and an awning overhead.

An officer of the regiment, Lieutenant Griffith, was married in San Francisco in church. We were invited, but we could not afford the expense of staying at a hotel over night as we should be obliged to do if we went. Our mess bill was \$60 a month in coin. I think the pay was about \$113 a month in greenbacks, and when it was turned to coin leaving \$71.36, there was not much for pleasure trips or clothing. I considered myself fortunate to get our washing done for \$10 a month in greenbacks, so after mess bill and washing bill were paid, it left \$14.16, to say nothing about the strikers five dollars. Butter was 80 cents a pound, eggs 80 cents a dozen. Milk was 10 cents a quart. We could not hire a girl for less than \$25 a month—all this in coin.

We rowed out in a small boat several times, and once discovered a school of porpoises close to us, and started for the shore immediately. Once we got around a point where the current was too strong to get back, and we had to land on the other side of the island and walk home.

One day when the bay was so rough it seemed as though a small steamer would not be able to cross it, a new one built by the government was to make its trial trip from Angel Island to the city. The swell was so great that the little steamer could not come near enough to put a plank on the wharf. Major Capron thought it would suit his mood to take the trip with the captain. He jumped on the boat when it came near enough, and left me standing on the wharf. After awhile, as the distance increased, the waves ran so high as to hide the steamer from my view. General King came down and when I told him that my husband had gone he said, "He is foolhardy, *foolhardy*." He came back all right before night. The captain was very much pleased with the new steamer which after this made regular trips twice a day to the posts in the bay and to the city.

The next winter it was nearly wrecked. It was on its way to the city, and it was the first trip of a new captain. He was talking with an army officer, and did not notice that

a British ship they were nearing was connected by a hawser to a tug, and was being towed by it. They came in contact with the rope and also the vessel. The hawser carried away the pilot house, which the captain was in, and threw him back seriously injuring him. The smoke stack and steam pipe were carried away and there was great fear that the boiler would explode before the passengers, thirty-five in number, could be taken on board the ship. Lieutenant Rockefeller of the 9th had his thigh broken, and Dr. Kinsman had his ankle sprained.

One day I had gone to the city on the morning boat, and returning was a little too late, and missed the last one home. When I was hurrying to the wharf, there was a Chinaman with an immense bundle on his back walking ahead of me, and as I came nearer a man standing in an open front store, gave him a push that sent him off of the walk into the street. After I passed, I saw him meekly returning, and going on as if nothing unusual had occurred. I took the Oakland or some other ferry boat for San Leandro where a young lady with whom I became acquainted on the voyage from the east resided. When I returned home the next morning I was surprised to find that there was no perceptible excitement over my being left among strangers in a large city.

We went horseback riding, and sometimes went out in the ambulance. We hunted up some people we had brought a letter of introduction to, and they visited us, and I went in the city to visit them. We drove out to the Cliff House, and down the beach to the south.

I took much pleasure in going to the little beach on the south side of the island to gather seaweed. The hill cut me off from everything but the view of the ocean, and beyond, Alcatraz, San Francisco, and the mountains. There were hundreds of sea gulls near the shore, and once I saw a flock of pelicans flying northward. My husband was not assigned to a company, and it was uncertain whether he would be soon, or remain at headquarters. We intended to go to house-keeping soon if we were to stay.

I wrote home October 10th: "If we are going anywhere this winter, I wish we could be sent before the rainy season sets in. The most interesting events of the day are the arrivals of the steamer mornings and afternoons. Those are

the times to see who go and who come, and how they dress—that is all. I am just going to keep house and have something to do as soon as we can bring it about. Major Capron received orders to join his company (A) at Round Valley, Mendocino Co., Cal., November 18. He went into the city to purchase supplies to take to the isolated post we expected to go to. There were some articles in the depot for commissary stores in the city that were not sent out to small posts. These goods, consisting mostly of eatables that would keep a long time—canned goods, codfish, bacon, ham, blacking for shoes and stoves, spices, sugar, etc., we could pay for in greenbacks, at the original price paid by the government, with no additional charge, for transportation was all we had to pay. Major Capron purchased crockery, carpets, and everything to begin housekeeping.

We left Angel Island after having been there nearly three months. We went by steamer to Petaluma north of the bay; from there to Sonoma by stage, to Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and Cahto. We went in a regular old California stage with four horses and a professional driver. He told us that just over the mountain to the east, there were hot springs, but my husband being under orders to proceed without delay to his station, we did not visit Calistoga Springs; neither did we visit Yosemite Valley as some of the steamer acquaintances did. Those days we heard more of the Yosemite, but nothing of the Yellowstone Park.

We crossed the Russian River, noted for its fine scenery. The driver told us of a place where it would seem that there was an end to the road, with nothing but the sky ahead. When we reached it the road turned and was like many another hard place in life—the way opened when we arrived there but not before.

From Cahto to Camp Wright we were obliged to go on muleback. The distance was twenty-five miles. We went over two mountain ridges where the weather seemed very chilly this December day. In the valley between, it was uncomfortably warm. Eel river, which was on three sides of Round Valley, ran through this deep valley. It was a mountain stream and very rapid. There was a detachment of soldiers there to attend the ferry boat. It was a flat boat, and was guided by a paddle. The saddles and bridles were taken

off of the mules and put in the boat, and then the animals were driven into the water. They swam across, but it seemed a hard struggle. Then we got into the boat and shot out into the middle of the stream going down somewhat, and here the man with the paddle began work in earnest to make a landing before it was too late. If we were taken too far down, the banks were too steep to make a landing, and there were dangerous rapids not far away.

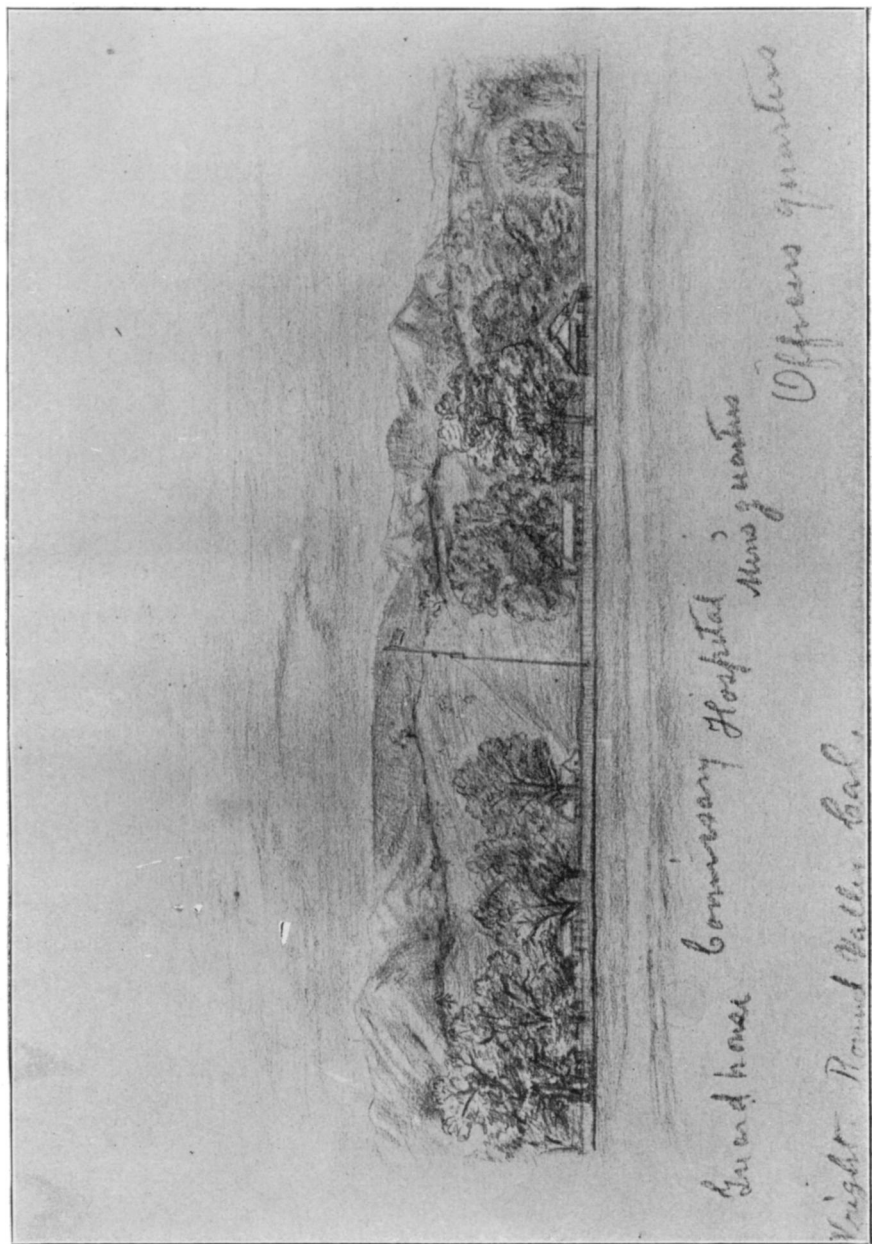
We were told bear stories as we went down the eastern side of the last mountain, and finally we had a glimpse of the flag miles away at Camp Wright.

It was dark when we arrived, but we met a hospitable welcome from Lieutenant and Mrs. Griffith, with whom we lived until our goods arrived three months later from Fort Bragg on the coast seventy miles away, to which point they had been sent by water.

Major Jordan, the captain of company A was in San Francisco on recruiting service.

My husband writes December 24: "It is midwinter and it seems here in the valley like a spring morning; birds singing, grass growing, and all nature joyous after the long rain. Soon after my arrival at the post I was appointed quartermaster, commissary, and adjutant, and it is part of my duty to make improvements. I am setting out a strawberry bed, and in the spring will set out currant, gooseberry, and raspberry bushes. J. Ross Brown calls this the most beautiful valley in the world. It is about six miles in length, and five in width.

It has a population of about 150 whites, besides those of the post, and about 2,000 Indians on the reservation. They are very peaceable, however, no trouble having been had with them for years. Mrs. Griffith, Jennie, and I took a ride the other day in our spring wagon, down to the reservation, about one and one-half miles from the camp. They are very industrious for Indians. They cultivate a large farm of several thousand acres, and very well too. I wish you could see them preparing their favorite dish—a *soup* made from acorn meal and angleworms. They make the meal by pounding the acorns until they are as fine as flour. Then the meal and angleworms are put in a kettle to cook. Their kettle is a hole in the wet sand, made by working a stick around until



Guard house Commissary Hospital Mess quarters Officers quarters
Wright. Round Valley Cal.

CAMP WRIGHT, CAL.

they get the sides quite hard. While one is doing this, another has built a fire with boughs and sticks upon which they pile a number of stones. When they become hot, they put water in the kettle, throw the stones in and heat it until it is the right temperature, when they take them out, and stir in the meal, etc. I presume you will think I am telling a good story about making soup in kettles made in the sand, and may doubt it as I did, but I have *seen it done myself*."

The surgeon and his wife lived at the south end of the line of officers' quarters. The next was the commanding officer's cottage, one story and six rooms. This was built of brick made near the post. Next was our log house, one story high, and six rooms, one of which was the adjutant's office. There was a bath room besides. The surgeon's quarters were very much like ours. On the north side of the parade ground were the company's barracks and the hospital. There was a quartermaster and commissary building, and the guardhouse on the west, and in the center the flag. Nothing on the south. The highest range of the Coast Mountains was east of us, and its highest peak was named Yolo Bolo. Major Jordan had sent to this mountain one 4th of July, and had enough snow brought to make ice cream, yet during the summer of 1868, for a long time the mercury went up to a hundred or more in the shade in the middle of nearly every day, 108 degrees the highest, and this in our valley below Yolo Bolo. There was a wagon road around this mountain out of the valley towards Sacramento, but it was hardly ever used by the troops. There were high mountains west and south of us also.

It often rained for a week or ten days the winter of 1867-1868. The mountain streams would rise suddenly, so that they could not be forded, and mails were very irregular. One mail was lost. One letter sent February 23 did not reach its destination until April 6.

I write May 31, 1868: "Lieutenant Griffith received a note from Major Jordan last night saying that he had just heard accidentally, that Major General Halleck and staff were to start for Camp Wright in a few days on an inspecting tour. Just think of us two families having the senior Major General and five or six staff officers to entertain for several days. Of course the general will stay with the commanding officer, and

we cannot possibly accommodate more than two. They never give any notice of coming on their inspection tours, and we are very fortunate to have heard about it."

July 27 I wrote to my mother about our little boy just a month old.

August 3 I write: "Since General Halleck was here we have heard from three different persons that he was much pleased with things at this post. The doctor's son in San Francisco writes to his father that the General told him that he never visited a camp where everything was done that could be done, more than it is here."

My letters these days were mostly about "the boy." I say August 27: "I do not think there ever *was* another such a baby, or expect *there ever will* be one." I write October 5 of the Griffith's boy a week and a half old.

Captain Fairfield was the Indian agent. I bought a basket made by an Indian for one dollar. It would hold water. They used such baskets for dishes. They kept many baskets and other things for their big burning dance that they had twice a year. They danced and howled around a fire, and as they went threw things into the fire, even the clothes they had on. These were the Con-cows. The Ukiah's, Pitt Rivers, and Wylachers, did not do so. These tribes were all on this reservation, and were called Digger Indians.

There were two doctors at Camp Wright while we were there; Dr. Kinsman, who left soon after we came, and a contract surgeon whose name I have forgotten.

Major Jordan came in November, 1868, with Mrs. Jordan and their two little girls. We found them very pleasant people. The Griffiths lived with them. Mrs. Griffith was a sister of Major Jordan.

News came that our regiment, the 9th Infantry, would be sent east to take the place of the 12th Infantry.

I write May 16, 1869: "The company to relieve us camped about eight miles from here last night, and we expect them this forenoon."

We left Camp Wright May 25, and reached San Francisco June 2. Left the 7th, stayed at Cheyenne June 12. Sunday the 13th started for Omaha, arriving there the next morning.

From Omaha the companies were sent to different posts, and Fort Sedgwick, Colorado Territory, was our next station.